Vngouernd youth, to wayle it with her age,
The parents liue whose children thou hast butcherd,
Old withered plaints to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misused, ere vsed, by time misused orepast.
King. As I entend to prosper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile armes, my selfe my selfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated devotion, holy thoughts,
I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her consists my happinesse and thine,
Without her followes to this land and me,
To thee, her selfe, and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolation, ruine and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this:
Therefore good Mother (I must call you so)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,
And be not peeuish fond in great designes.
Qu. shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?
King. I, if the Diuell tempt thee to doe good.
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe to be my selfe?
King. I, if your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.
Qu. But thou didst kill my Children.
Ki. But in your daughters wombe Ile burie them,
Where in that nest of spicerie there shall breed,
Selfes of themselues, to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I goe win my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Qu. I goe, write to me very shortly.
King. Beare her my true loues kisse: farewell. *Exit Qu.*
Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious Soueraigne, on the Westerne coast,

Rideth

Rideth a puissant Nauie: To the shore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow-harted friends,
Vnarm'd, and vnresolu'd to beate them backe:
Tis thought that *Richmond* is their *Admirall*:
And there they hull, expecting but the aide,
Of *Buckingham* to welcome them a shore.
King. Some light-foot friend, post to the D. of *Norfolke*.
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is he?
Cat. Heere my Lord.
King. Flie to the Duke: post thou to *Salisbury*,
When thou comest there: dull vnmindfull villanie
Why standst thou still, and goest not to the Duke?
Cat. First mightie soueraigne, let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliuer him.
King. O true, good *Catesbie*, bid him leuie straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me presently at *Salisburie*.
Rat. What is your highnesse pleasure I shal do at *Salisbury*?
King. Why what wouldst thou doe there before I go?
Rat. Your Highnes told me I should post before.
King. My mind is chang'd sir, my mind is chang'd:
How now, what newes with you? *Enter Darby.*
Dar. None good my Lord, to please you with the hearing,
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.
King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:
Why doost thou runne so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more what newes?
Dar. *Richmond* is on the seas.
King. There let him sinke, and be the seas on him,
White liuered runnagate, what doth he there?
Dar. I know not mightie soueraigne but by guesse.
King. Well sir, as you guesse, as you guesse.
Dar. Sturd vp by *Dorset*, *Buckingham* and *Ely*,
He makes for *England*, there to claime the crowne.
King. Is the Chaire empty? Is the sword vnswaid?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossest?
What heire of *Yorke* is there aliue but we?
And who is *Englands* King, but great *Yorkes* heire?